

The Musical World

FINE ART & DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

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VOL. 69.—No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

PRICE 3D.

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Proposed Arrangements for the Session, 1889-90.

November 12, 1889	Conversations.
December 3	Lecture.
January 7, 1890	F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 8	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 9	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 10	Distribution of Diplomas.
" 14	A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 15	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 16	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 17	Diploma Distribution.
February 4	Lecture.
March 4	Lecture.
April 14	Annual Dinner.
May 6	Lecture.
June 3	Lecture.
July 1	Lecture.
" 15	F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 16	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 17	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 18	Distribution of Diplomas.
" 22	A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 23	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 24	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 25	Diploma Distribution.
" 31	Annual General Meeting.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of THE MUSICAL WORLD offer three prizes of £12. 12s., £5. 5s., and £3. 3s. respectively for the three best settings of the Nicene Creed. We now give the Rules of the Competition:—

- 1.—Only British subjects and citizens of the United States of America will be entitled to compete.
- 2.—Correct accentuation of the words and sentences of the Creed (for which see the Rev. Mr. Harford's articles in THE MUSICAL WORLD of August 3 and 10) being the main object for which these prizes are offered, accuracy in these particulars will be regarded as a *sine quâ non*, and the prizes will be awarded to the three best works in order of musical merit.
- 3.—Works already published will not be eligible.
- 4.—Compositions must be written in the usual four parts (S.A.T.B.) for the use of church choirs, and should not exceed six and a half minutes in performance.
- 5.—M.S.S., of which two clearly written copies must be sent not later than the 17th of October to the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD, must bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letters of the successful competitors will be opened.
- 6.—The judges will be Dr. GEORGE C. MARTIN, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Dr. JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, Organist of Chester Cathedral (who have in the kindest manner accepted this responsibility); and the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.
- 7.—The copyright of the successful works will remain the property of the composers; but the proprietor reserves the right to publish one edition of each.

HINTS FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SET THE NICENE CREED.

- 1.—Let there be a leading phrase for the Priest.
- 2.—Do not place a rest between the words 'God' and 'The FATHER Almighty.'
- 3.—In 'visible and invisible' the accent should fall upon the 1st syllable of the last word, and, if desired, on the antepenultimate also.
- 4.—Shew reverence for the Sacred Name 'Jesus.'
- 5.—Properly accentuate 'Only begotten SON.'
- 6.—Avoid two faults in 'God of God.'
- 7.—Keep distinct 'The FATHER' from 'By whom.'
- 8.—Be careful to express properly 'By Whom all things were made.'
- 9.—Avoid 'came down.' Use equal accent here.
- 10.—Accentuate the first syllable in 'also.'
- 11.—Avoid 'rose again.'
- 12.—In 'the third day' the accent must fall on 'third.'
- 13.—Do not accentuate 'to' in 'according to.'
- 14.—The accent is on Right in Right Hand—or use equal accent.
- 15.—Avoid 'again with glory' and 'with glory to judge.'
- 16.—Keep 'the dead' distinct from 'Whose Kingdom.'
- 17.—Avoid accent on 'shall' in 'Kingdom shall have.'
- 18.—Shew reverence for the Name of The HOLY SPIRIT.
- 19.—Dwell on 'The LORD.'
- 20.—Be careful in 'The Son, Who with The FATHER and The Son.'
- 21.—Avoid 'together is worshipped.'
- 22.—Place the accent correctly in 'I acknowledge.'
- 23.—Do not emphasise the personal pronoun in 'I believe.'
- 24.—Do not dwell too long upon 'look' in 'look for.'
- 25.—Avoid following an eminent composer who has written 'look | for.'

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

- * * The Business Departments of the MUSICAL WORLD are now under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communications must be addressed. Remittances should be made payable to the Proprietors.
- * * All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.
- * * MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

No reader of THE MUSICAL WORLD will feel that we are trespassing beyond the proper scope of such a journal in laying a tribute of regret and admiration upon the grave of the great literary artist who has just followed his peers, Dickens, Reade, and Thackeray, into the peaceful shadows which worthily close in a long and earnest life. Wilkie Collins belonged, it is true, to a school of novel-writers which is not of to-day; but it would be hard to find any reader who would wish to deny to his marvellous romances any place below the highest rank. An artist's work can only be rightly judged by the completeness with which he has succeeded in the realisation of his own ideal, or the distance by which he has fallen short of it; and, so considered, it must be admitted that Wilkie Collins came very near perfection. He held that it is the duty of a novelist to tell an interesting story, and this duty he fulfilled most thoroughly.

It is nothing to the point that we of to-day ask something more than this of our writers, and demand from them subtle analysis of character and motive. Our demands have been more than satisfied, and the taste of the succeeding generation may perhaps require its novelists to write stories of Richardsonian length and proportionate dullness. However this may be, the dead artist has held countless thousands of readers in a willing thralldom to his mighty powers; and, in an age when literary skill too often becomes "Procuress to the Lords of Hell," honourable grief is due to the memory of one man who consistently worked with no lower motives than the healthy and honest delight of his fellows, and their ultimate elevation to higher planes.

* *

Musical reformers whose stock in trade of crying evils has been exhausted during the dead season might profitably turn their attention to an entirely modern system, which, if not wholly an unmitigated evil, is certainly evil in a degree. We refer to the practice, now universal, by which an important orchestral or choral work is printed and given to the public before it has been properly performed. The ill consequences of this practice "leap at the eyes." A composer, however great or experienced he may be, cannot know accurately whether his music will achieve the desired effects until he has heard it performed under proper conditions; and, after the first hearing, he is often anxious to cut out this passage or to modify that, in order to bring the whole into more complete accordance with his intentions. Those conversant with modern musical history will at once remember two notorious instances of this—the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, and the "St. Ludmila" of Dvorak. The cuts and alterations made in each of these works after their initial performance were numerous and extensive; and it cannot be doubted that most composers are tempted to modify their works in the same way. But this cannot be done when the work is already engraved and published. Let us suppose, for instance, that one of the new works announced for the Leeds Festival should, after performance, be found to demand alteration in several places. The critics will say so plainly; the composer will of course be only too anxious to listen to the voice of reason—that is to say, of the critics; but how can he recall the published work? Two ways of escape present themselves. Either works must be performed in public while they are still in manuscript; or the composer must persuade some first-rate band, chorus, and soloists to lend him their services for a private performance, attended only by himself—with, of course, a genial committee of critics. Which is the easier course may be decided by others.

* *

It is not unnatural that artists should regard with some mixture of emotions the advances which have been made by science during the last decade; not merely because she has to a considerable extent encroached upon their share of public interest and attention, but because she is too apt to impair the vitality of art by the prosaic conditions of life which follow her passage. Until very recently, however, Mr. Edison had been looked upon by the artists, especially by the musicians, as something of a fellow-worker. They seemed very charming, these inventions of his whereby the sweet songs or eloquent orations of to-day might be immortalised for the benefit of the races to come, from whose midst art might possibly have vanished altogether. Then the most thoughtful were conscious of certain doubts. It was all very well to perpetuate our good things; but not so well, if our names were to be identified by future scornors with faulty intonation, bad phrasing, or other vocal sins. And now there can be no manner of doubt that we are avenged; for it has been discovered—

perhaps we should say asserted—by M. Gellé, that a new aural disease has come into existence, which is due to the increased sensibility and delicacy of the tympanic nerves, induced by the phonograph and similar inventions. At present, it is satisfactory to know, the disease is but incipient; yet the learned gentleman in question says that if we continue to excite this super-sensibility, the affection will take a permanent place in the medical arsenal wherewith modern physicians try to make life unendurable. So Mr. Edison and all his works will have to go, and Art will be well pleased at the first-fruits thus offered to her wounded pride. For the doctors were made for man, and not man for the doctors.

* *

Madame Patti also has added her beautiful voice to the clamour of the noble army of physicians to whom modern life is a vast hospital. She has recently been interviewed—not for the first time—and has intimated to the ingenuous journalist her opinion that we—by "we" is meant mankind at large—do not sleep enough. Pears' soap and plenty of sleep are the two charms by which the queen of song has preserved her beauty and health unto this present, and she attributes much modern illness of mind and body to the fact that no one—except herself—sleeps enough. This is one of the truest things that Madame Patti has ever said or sung; but the lady forgets that, after all, we who live in the very central whirlpool of modern life cannot altogether escape from its terrors. We cannot all live in Welsh castles, and go to bed when we like. With every desire to sleep, the opportunity is too often absent. What jaded critic, for instance, who has sat out a whole pianoforte recital or ballad concert with a more than Roman devotion has not been painfully aware of a violent desire to sleep? We shall not offer any reason for the fact, but it is a fact that at such times he is startled by a sudden perception of the morbid and feverish hurry in which we all live to-day; and, like the irate gentleman in the Laureate's poem, he is sick of time (and tune), and he desires to rest. But sleep is forbidden him; visions of angry editors and frantic *beneficiaires* dance before his heated brain, and cry "sleep no more." So he rouses himself to some semblance of interest in the performance, and, if he be a kindly man, tries to find some middle course between justice and mercy. He prays, also, for the coming of a time when concert-givers shall recognise the fact that no concert should last more than half-an-hour, or, if it cannot be brought into this limit, intervals for sleep should be allowed. Until this is done the critic must share in the *malaise* resulting from insufficiency of sleep; and the gulf between himself and the artist will never be properly bridged over.

* *

We notice with regret the death, which occurred on the 16th inst., of Dr. Langdon Colborne, the well-known organist of Hereford Cathedral. Dr. Colborne had officiated during the early part of the month as organist of the Gloucester Festival, and had, indeed, been in active duty almost until a few hours of his death, which then came as a shock to all who were able to appreciate his high abilities as a Church musician. It is but a few months since a portrait and biography of the deceased gentleman were published in THE MUSICAL WORLD, and we shall therefore do no more than remind our readers that he was born at Hackney in 1837, and that amongst the various posts held by him during his life those of organist at St. Michael's College, Tenbury—in which he succeeded Sir John Stainer—and at Beverley Minster were the chief. His principal composition was the oratorio "Samuel," written for the Hereford Festival of last year.

The concert season is at hand; and, if such a proceeding were customary, we might improve the occasion by a review of the dead season now expiring. That is to say, we might point out how many excellent concerts, suited to the tastes of the country cousin or the worker who cannot leave town, have not been given, and how many admirable new works have not been produced. For it is, indeed, an unfortunate thing that for the millions who are compelled to remain in London throughout the summer there should be such scant musical provision. The Promenade Concerts, however admirable they may be of their kind, can, after all, be enjoyed only by a limited number; and the rest of the population has been largely driven for its music to the Spanish Exhibition. Certainly it might have fared much worse, for, though there is not much Spain about the institution at Earl's Court, there are at least charmingly picturesque gardens wherein to enjoy the music of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's splendid band. It is not wonderful, then, that the pretty grounds should have been besieged nightly by crowds of spectators, who have enjoyed to the full the pleasures of eye and ear, and it is easy to suppose that the closing of the Exhibition will be regretted by many who would be glad to see it take a permanent place in Metropolitan pleasure resorts.

* *

In connection with Dr. C. H. H. Parry's setting of Pope's Ode for the Leeds Festival it may be noted that the poem was set to music by William Walond, Bac. Mus. Oxon, and, according to Sir G. Grove's Dictionary, organist of Chichester Cathedral until 1801. For curiosity's sake we will say a word or two about the full score published in London at the end of last century. The ordinary score is for strings, oboe, and organ; in some of the numbers trumpets and drums are introduced. After an overture in three parts—the second an *Allegro Giga con Spirito*, the third a graceful Minuet entitled "Air Gentle"—a fully accompanied recit. leads to a quaint tenor solo "In a sadly pleasing strain." A bass voice sings "Let the loud Trumpet," and the chorus comes in at "Now louder and yet louder," a vigorous movement in Handelian style. The "dying fall" at the close is cleverly expressed in the music. A short recit. is followed by an effective bass solo, beginning "Melancholy lifts her head," and beginning too without any instrumental introduction, and on the chord of the sub-median in C minor. Snake-dropping Envy is portrayed both in the voice part and accompaniment. "Transported Demi Gods" is set for soprano, the chorus bursting in suddenly with "To Arms"; then comes an instrumental March, followed by a repetition of song and chorus. Thus ends the first part.

* *

The second opens with a bass solo: the hollow groans and cries of tortur'd ghosts are graphically described in the music. A tenor voice tells of the striking of the golden lyre. "By the streams that ever flow" is treated as a smooth flowing duet for soprano and tenor. The chorus takes up the words "Restore Eurydice to life," &c., though to different strains. "A conquest how hard and how glorious" is assigned to bass. A quiet soprano solo begins at "But soon, too soon"; there is a fine passage at the words, "And calls her Ghost for ever lost." Then comes a charming chorus, with soprano solo, "Yet ev'n in death," one well worth reviving. The next chorus, "When the full Organ," is noticeable for its independent part for strings: voices sing in chorale fashion, while strings keep up a "tempo di Sarabanda." In the concluding chorus, "Of Orpheus now no more," the composer displays his contrapuntal skill. So

far as we are aware Dr. Parry will be the third composer who has selected Pope's Ode. The poem, written in 1708, was recast by the poet in 1730 specially for Maurice Greene, who set it to music in this, its new form, as an exercise for the Degree of Doctor at Cambridge. Pope inserted a new stanza, and considerably shortened the rest of the Ode.

* *

The London rehearsals for the Leeds Festival will be held in St. James's Hall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, under the general conductorship of Sir Arthur Sullivan. On Monday Brahms' Requiem, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the third act of "Tannhäuser," and Mr. Corder's new cantata will be tried; on Tuesday "St. Cecilia's Day," Dr. Mackenzie's new "Pibroch," Sullivan's "Macbeth" music, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and the Choral Symphony; and on Wednesday "The Voyage of Maeldune," Dr. Creser's "Sacrifice of Freia," Berlioz's "Faust," and the "Leonora" and "Mireille" overtures.

* *

We note with satisfaction the announcement that at least two new amateur societies for the performance of choral and instrumental music will be formed this winter. Mr. J. A. Bonawitz has undertaken to conduct one such, and the first practice will be held at the Queen's Road Assembly Rooms on October 1, at eight o'clock. Under the direction of a musician so deservedly esteemed there should be no difficulty in obtaining full support for the society. Vocalists or players who desire to join should communicate with Mr. Bonawitz, 58, York-street, Portman-square. An Orchestral Society is also in process of formation in connection with Allhallows Church, City. There are no fees of any kind, a merely nominal charge being made for the use of music. Full particulars may be had of Mr. Hillman, Harcourt-road, Wallington.

* *

Another body deserving of much sympathy is the Westbourne Park Choral Association, in connection with the well-known institute in Porchester-road. Mr. Rowland Briant is the conductor, and Mr. W. Heritage the secretary, of the society, which until last year was by no means in a prosperous condition. Things have now, it seems, altered for the better, and there is every promise of an excellent season.

* *

We have received the annual report and prospectus of the Cheltenham Festival Society, of which Sir Herbert Oakeley is the president, and Mr. J. A. Matthews the conductor. The first concert will take place on November 12, when "The Dream of Jubal" will be performed, together with Miss Ellicott's graceful cantata, "Elysium," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Di Ballo" overture—described somewhat strangely in the programme as a "new" work. On February 18 "The Golden Legend" will be given, and a number of well-known artists have been engaged.

* *

The prospectus of the Sunderland Philharmonic Society has been issued. From this it appears that the season's performances will open on October 28, when a concert will be given in which Madame Valleria, Signor Foli, M. Wolff, and other well-known artists will take part. Dr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," Haydn's "Seasons," and Mr. MacCunn's ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," will also be given in the course of the winter.

Mr. Alfred Littleton (Novello and Co.) has accepted an invitation to join the committee of the Royal Choral Society. The Novello oratorio concerts will, therefore, cease to exist, and the interest of Mr. Littleton will be transferred to the older society, which will produce a certain number of new works that would otherwise have been brought out by the Novello choir.

Miss Florence Christie has recently had the honour of singing at Balmoral before the Queen, who complimented the young lady highly on her performances. Miss Christie is a daughter of the late Professor Christie, of Aberdeen, and lately gained the gold medal at the London Academy of Music.

"THE SWORD OF ARGANTYR."

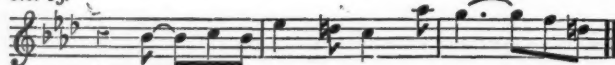
(Continued from page 646.)

Ever mindful of contrast, the composer inserts before Scene II. (On the Island) a little quiet pastoral movement for orchestra. This consists of a solo for clarinet (Mr. Corder's favourite instrument, if we may judge by "Nordisa") of which the two subjects

No. 12. *Allegretto pastorale.*



No. 13.



are heard first separately and then together.

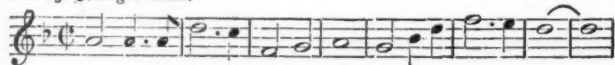
Now we are on the island of Samsoe, where a shepherd named Hjalmar is tending his sheep and singing a dainty little ballad narrating how he was placed in this solitude to work out the will of that somewhat clumsy deity Odin. Hjalmar waits for the coming of a fair maiden whom he has seen in visions. A ship comes to shore, and in the leader of the warriors within it he recognises the object of his dreams.

No. 14. *Passionato.*



A dialogue ensues: Hjalmar undertakes to guide the party to the grave of Argantyr, but warns them that it is girt by a circle of fire which few may dare to penetrate.

No. 15. *Allegro molto.*



This theme alternating with the following phrase

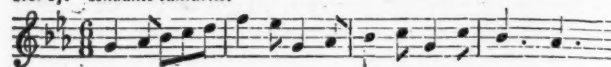
No. 16.



affords material for a highly descriptive chorus as the adventurers toil up the mountains and attempt to face the terrible flame. In spite of their bravery all are driven back save Hervor and Hjalmar. The chorus culminates in a cry of terror—on a nameless chord—as the two brave ones leap the barrier. Then all dies quickly away, and Scene III., The Grave of Argantyr, follows without a break. Hjalmar hints at his adoration of the fair amazon, faint foreshadowings of the coming love-duet emphasizing his words, but "Hervor's" mind is as yet absorbed in her enterprise. A notable progression of chords for brass ushers in her grand solo, the invocation to the spirit of her ancestor, "Argantyr." The words here are partly adapted from the original saga, as it seemed worth while to retain the poetic idea that "Argantyr" remained unmoved by all "Hervor's" pleas save the final one,

that she surrendered her love and life for the welfare of her people. The culminating theme runs partly thus:—

No. 17. *Andante cantabile.*



Again we hear the trombone chords, but this time they surprise us by an unexpected modulation, as with a crashing chord of C major the old king rises from his tomb. In a very solemn solo he offers Hervor her desired prize, but prophesies terrible consequences. In her sublime self-sacrifice the princess accepts the doom of violent death for herself and her future husband and children (with which pathetic part of the story the Cantata cannot deal), and then follows a Trio in free canon form between Hervor, Hjalmar, and Argantyr. The spirit returns to the tomb, and the melodious invocation is repeated, growing fainter and fainter as the princess and shepherd may be supposed to quit the mystic valley and return to the plains below.

Scene IV., "In the Valley," is the most important and serious part of the work, and contains a highly operatic love-duet. After an allusion to the pastoral Intermezzo, No. 12, Hjalmar says:

"Safely we stand once more beneath these trees
Where all my life has passed in lonely toil.
Hervor, at last the hour has come which sees
My fate decided, ends my heart's turmoil."

And so his plending begins with this theme,

No. 18. *Allegro moderato.*

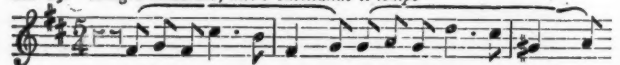


which is much developed and extended. We often meet, too, with the love-phrase No. 14, during this scene, and when Hervor finally yields to her passion,

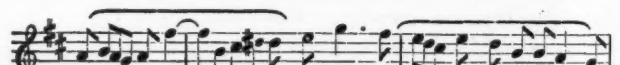
Oh Hjalmar, all my days of life
Have pass'd in fierce unyielding strife,
Yet must I now submissive fall
And prove but woman after all!

an expressive theme appears, the germ of which may be found in the end of the first soprano solo. The culminating movement of this duet is remarkable as being one of the rare cases in which quintuple time has been employed. That the present instance is legitimately "five in a bar" the next quotation will sufficiently show—

No. 19. *Allegro moderato, molto vacillando il tempo*



At last has Love then found thee and as my queen has crown'd thee?



O'er this do-main... he bids thee reign with faith-ful hearts a-round



thee, faith - - - ful hearts... a - round thee.

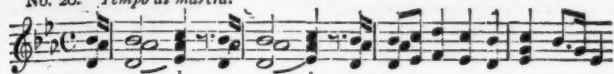
The irregularity of the subordinate accents aided by a constantly syncopated accompaniment gives a hysterically passionate character eminently suited to the situation.

But now Hervor's followers are seen approaching. Drawing the sword from his lady's side Hjalmar exclaims—

"Now to achieve my bride and free our land,
Thus do I take Argantyr's sword in hand!"

Hervor, remembering the curse, with a scream, tries to tear the weapon from him. In the struggle the blade touches Hjalmar in a vital spot, his life-blood gushes out, and with the Norseman's last instinctive cry "To the North!" he falls dead. It is hardly necessary to point out the kaleidoscopic succession of themes here hinted at in the orchestral accompaniment. The casual listener will find the general character of the whole suitably dramatic.

A march theme

No. 20. *Tempo di marcia.*

at first faint, as if in the distance, then gradually swelling to a pompous fulness indicates the arrival of the warriors. Mistaking the situation they naturally think that Herver has killed a would-be robber, but the queen sternly stays their congratulations:

Peace! he was braver than our best.

List while I sing him to his rest.

Accordingly she commences a pathetic *drapa*, or lament over the dead man. The theme of this is too extended to quote, but it is in exceptionally broad rhythm—6-4 time *Largo*. It is brought to an imposing climax by the chorus, who join in with the invocation melody No. 17 in unison. The phrase, "To the North" No. 3 also making its appearance at the close. And so the work, though not the story, ends, Herver going to fulfil her martyr-destiny. It would obviously be improper to pronounce an opinion on the merits of this unperformed work; sufficient is it to point out that its aims are very high, and that the composer, having been offered the most favourable conditions possible for its production, cannot on this occasion claim indulgence for any deviation from his own ideals. We may take it therefore that Mr. Corder has here written to please himself, and the work having, as we understand, been composed slowly and with exceptional care, may be considered to represent him, if not at his best, at any rate in his sincerest mood. In the first half of the cantata considerable deference is shown to conventionality, and the chorus has matters all its own way. The second half seems written to proclaim the fact that Mr. Corder considers himself purely a composer of opera and chafes in any other situation. The orchestration is so exceptionally elaborate that the composer, recognising the insufficiency of any possible pianoforte arrangement, is transcribing the accompaniments for piano and harmonium to make performance possible when no orchestra shall be available.

NEW WORKS BY DR. PARRY AND PROFESSOR STANFORD.

We have received from Messrs. Novello copies of the new works written by Dr. C. H. H. Parry ("St. Cecilia's Day") and Professor Villiers Stanford ("The Voyage of Maeldune") for the approaching Leeds Festival.

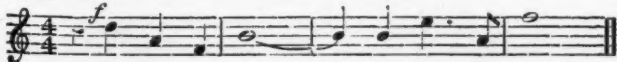
Upon the eve of their production we shall not venture on anything approaching to criticism of either work; but some description of their scope, with illustrations of their chief musical themes, may be attempted.

Dr. Parry has taken for his subject the well known ode of Alexander Pope, which has been familiar, if not affectionately so, to many generations of school-children. But it remains to be seen whether Dr. Parry has been able to lift the somewhat stilted and antiquated poem on to any very high plane, or whether it has inspired him to such noble purpose as did the Miltonic lines, "Blest pair of syrens." The poem is used in its entirety, and is laid out for soprano and baritone solos and chorus. The following is the theme with which the orchestral prelude opens:—

No. 1. *Allegro.*

To the chorus is naturally allotted the passage of invocation, "Descend, ye nine," of which the following is the first phrase:—

No. 2.



Des-cend ye Nine..... des-cend and sing

From the same chorus, also, we extract the following striking phrase, which precedes the words "Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes":—

No. 3.



The first solo is given to the baritone at the passage, "By music minds an equal temper know," which is followed by a chorus "But when our country's cause provokes to arms." The first portion of the "Euridice" incident is told by the soprano solo, in the course of which the following figure is made considerable use of:—

No. 4.



The chorus are heard again at the words "By the streams that ever flow," the baritone resuming the story with the line "He sang, and Hell consented," the further recital of the incident being completed by the soprano. From this solo we take the following phrase, which introduces the passionate laments of Orpheus:—

No. 5.



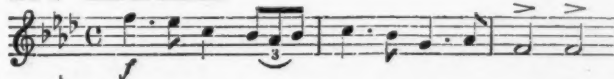
Now un-der hang-ing moun-tains, Be-side the falls of



foun-tains, Or where He - - - bus wan-ders &c.

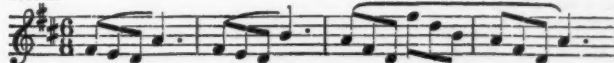
The spirited finale, "Music the fiercest grief can charm," is divided between the baritone and chorus, the latter making their entry at the words "Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell." It would seem, from the hasty perusal of the score which alone has been possible, that Dr. Parry has aimed at something like chronological fitness in his music. Whether he has succeeded in producing a work which will rank with his other great achievement in this direction cannot at present be known.

Professor Stanford has sought inspiration at a more modern source, having chosen as his theme Lord Tennyson's poem, "The Voyage of Maeldune." This work, students will remember, is founded on an Irish legend which tells of Maeldune's wanderings in search of his father's murderer. The following is the first subject heard in the prelude, which recurs whenever the purpose of the voyage is brought to mind, and may perhaps be designated the "Revenge Motive":—

No. 1. *Moderato maestoso.*

The following phrase, which may be called the "Wandering" motive, is used to introduce each stage in the journey. It is first heard at the words "We came to the Silent Isle":—

No. 2.



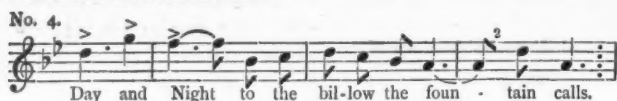
Then follows a tenor solo, "We came to the Isle of Shouting," followed by a vigorous chorus descriptive of the troubles there awaiting the voyagers. The "Wandering" theme is again heard, followed by another graceful tenor solo, "We came to the Isle of Flowers." The chorus enter at the words, "We roll'd upon capes of crocus." The story is again continued by the tenor voice, in a solo telling of the Isle of Fruits, where the wanderers, maddened by the poisonous fruits on which they have gorged, fall upon each other in deadly fray, interrupted by the narrator, who bids them remember the object of their voyage, the "Revenge" motive being heard again. The Isle of Fire and the Isle of Witches are then described, and a passage from the "Sea Fairies" is here introduced—hardly, we think, with sufficient reason. The following phrase is introductory of the song of the witches, "Whither away? fly no more":—

No. 3.

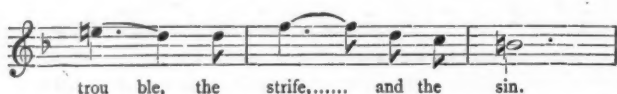
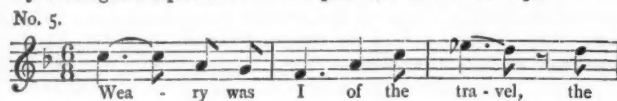


Whither a-way?... Fly..... no more.

A few lines further on occurs this passage, at the words, "Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:"—



The end of this section is marked by ten bars, *Andante tranquillo*, followed by the "Wandering" motive, which introduces the visit to the Isle of a Saint, who seeks to turn them from their purpose of revenge. At last he prevails, and the wanderer returns home "with a tithe of his men." Very striking is the pathos of the last phrase, which we shall quote:—



This is repeated by the chorus, and the work is brought to a close with a single line for the orchestra. As in the case of Dr. Parry's work, we shall venture no opinion on the results attained by Professor Stanford in his setting of the Laureate's beautiful romance further than to say that those who will not have the good fortune to hear either work at Leeds next month may await with justifiable curiosity their production in London.

THE MUSICAL PERFORMING RIGHT; OR, LAW VERSUS COMMON SENSE AND VICE VERSA.

A STARTLING FARCE OF THE PRESENT DAY ON SEVEN ACTS.

- Act I.—3, William IV., cap. 15 (1833).
 Act II.—5 and 6, Victoria, cap. 45 (1842).
 Act III.—45 and 46, Victoria, cap. 40 (1882).
 Act IV.—51 and 52, Victoria, cap. 17 (1888).
 Act V.—7, Victoria, cap. 12 (1844).
 Act VI.—49 and 50, Victoria, cap. 33 (1886).
 Act VII.—The Berne Convention (1887), under strong limelight.
 With an "Eye-opener" for a curtain-raiser.

BY FRANZ GREENINGS.

N.B.—This Farce, or any part thereof, may be monotoned in public at any pitch or in any key without fee or permission. As regards republishing rights, please study carefully all the Acts bearing on the subject (there are only a few dozen) and "CONSTRUE THEM TOGETHER."

"You can drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament" is a saying the truth of which has over and over again been clearly demonstrated in the Law Courts, by opposing counsel and reversion of judgments to and fro in cases of appeal. Parliament, however, has partly redeemed its character by means of the above Acts, as I defy the slyest fox to sneak through them with eight bars of music in his mouth without running a serious risk of having part or the whole of his brush nipped off. This holds good not only for the professional musician but for any amateur who may at any time wish to contribute to the pleasure of mankind by giving the public the benefit of his musical accomplishments either vocally or on any instrument in any part of the (so called) United Kingdom. It is, therefore, not only of interest, but may prove a necessary precaution for amateurs and professionals alike, to follow closely and help in the justified agitation which has commenced against the confusing state of our Copyright Acts, especially as far as "Performing Rights" are concerned. To allow of simple references on my part, instead of having to give lengthy quotations, I would advise all interested readers to procure the above Acts forthwith (through any bookseller from Eyre and Spottiswood); the whole can be bought I think for something like a draper's shilling (i.e., 11½d., no hairpins!).

No doubt I shall be decried as an alarmist by many, but the more I am proved by persons competent to judge to be so without cause the more delighted I shall feel on behalf of the millions of British subjects who wish to do no wrong to anyone, but who from now may be frightened by an indefinite number of English and foreign tax collectors either into allowing themselves to be musically "taxed" or "assessed" at so much per annum, or to choose the alternative of living under constant fear of having to face the law courts as trespassers on other people's rights, because there is no chance of ascertaining whose and what rights are protected, nor when protection ceases in each case.

Before entering on the subject proper I must give copy of letter and pamphlet which induced me to inquire fully into the matter, and then I will try to show what a herculean task it is in the present day to be a law-abiding subject.

(COPY OF LETTER.)

Portsmouth, Aug. 6th, 1889.

F. Greenings, Esq., West Pier, Brighton.

Dear Sir: I beg to call your attention to the enclosed pamphlet, also to note the fact that you have been for some time past, and are still in the habit of playing, selections from the foreign *répertoire* under our protection, which are absolutely copyright now in this country. We are now assessing all places of amusement at a low tariff to include absolutely every piece of music under our control, of which there are over a million. Nearly all halls, theatres, &c., in Brighton are subscribers, as it is the cheaper plan.

The fee for your pier will be £10 10s. per annum. On receipt of cheque I will at once send you a contract.

(Signed) Yours faithfully, L. J. GUNNELL.

(COPY OF PRINTED CIRCULAR.)

26, Old Bond-street, W.,

London, May 24, 1888.

Dear Sir:—I have been appointed sole representative for the British Empire of the French Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers, in conjunction with reciprocal representations for all the countries (Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain) which have joined the New International Copyright Convention entered into at Berne, and which became operative in December last. My representation renders it necessary to call your attention to the fact that under the new convention the unauthorised performance of the Foreign Copyright *répertoire* of those countries in the convention will be no longer possible (excepting such works as may have been acquired for Great Britain by English proprietaries).

For the future, therefore, it will be necessary to make some financial arrangement through me for the performance of all those works which are now fully protected by the new convention, and it will be most necessary for you to come to an arrangement whereby you can secure to yourself rights of such performances for Concert, Orchestral, and Fête programmes, &c.

It is my earnest desire that all such arrangements shall be amicably settled. The Convention makes the recognition of the foreign claims for payment for rights of performance absolutely necessary, and the adjustment by some system of payment, annual or otherwise, for the provision of your present requirements, which should be agreed upon by us without delay.

Hoping to receive an early response from you,

I remain,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed)

ALFRED MOUL.

Before commenting on the above letter and circular I wish it to be distinctly understood that my remarks in no way refer to Mr. Moul personally. Had that gentleman not accepted the post, the 'Société des Auteurs' would obviously have appointed someone else to assert their real or imaginary rights in this country. Moreover, I have to acknowledge that Mr. Moul showed me every courtesy and afforded me what information he could respecting my own business.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: With reference to this performing right question, I should like the opinion of some of your legal readers in a matter which, of great importance to me, is equally so to all other bandmasters and conductors. Here

are the facts. This summer I was engaged as conductor at a seaside town. One morning in August I had a letter from an agent to say that he had heard my band play certain pieces under his "protection." He stated that he had not been able to speak to me at the time, but would advise me to settle the matter right off by paying three guineas for the season.

I wrote and answered him, saying that I was not aware I had played any protected music, but if he would say what I had played and tell me the legitimate fees I would pay them. He wrote me again a fortnight after, saying they had ample proofs that I had been playing their music, and again warned me to pay within a few days, as their society was very strict. He afterwards came over and tried to get the programme sellers to find him any old programmes they had left, but from some cause or other failed to get any; he then came to me, and I told him I had given his letter to the secretary of the company. During the conversation which followed I invited him to state what he claimed on and I would pay it, and he admitted that he knew nothing himself, and was simply acting under instructions. I then asked him if he would pay three guineas himself without some knowledge of what he was paying for, which of course he could not answer.

We subsequently received a letter from some London lawyers, whose telegraphic address is by the way *Manœuvre*, stating that we had played some French overture the property of their client, and they were making inquiries in Paris about other things. They advised us to pay the fee within a week, or legal proceedings would be taken. My engagement terminated at that time, but I left word with the secretary to write to *Manœuvre* to say that if they sent me the legitimate charge for playing the little overture, or anything else we had played, I would willingly pay them, and there the matter stands at present.

I should very much like some organisation to be formed for placing the matter on a proper footing. Meanwhile, however, I hope some of your readers will make suggestions.

I enclose name and address and remain,

Yours truly,

A MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I have read with great interest Mr. Corder's letter of inquiries, which can only be satisfactorily answered by a test case, and the question immediately arises—Who will bell the cat? No Act of Parliament is retrospective unless specifically so enacted. Unless the profession unites it will be cheaper for persons in doubt to pay the fee to the unknown person by whom they are assessed than to fight the solicitors who are serving notices all round.

Here now is an opportunity for the *MUSICAL WORLD* to justify its title, and to exercise its influence by taking up this question on behalf of the orchestras and conductors of Great Britain, who might by a little co-operation fight a test case.

Whatever may have been the intention of the Legislature, there are surely some publishing firms who can discover whether Gounod and the other foreign composers have given permission to an English firm of solicitors to serve notice on performers who give to the public the benefit of their compositions.

I have the honour to be,

A LOVER OF GOUNOD'S MUSIC.

2, Mitre Court-buildings, Temple.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I have read with much pleasure Mr. Corder's letter on the subject of musical performing rights, having myself been warned against performing foreign works the majority of which I had played years before the Berne Convention was thought of. In the applications I have received for payment of fees I am told I shall be assessed at so many pounds per annum. This is the language of a tax-gatherer, and as I pay already too many English taxes, I object to pay taxes to Frenchmen or other aliens. That the Berne Convention is retrospective I very much doubt. It is not customary to make English laws retrospective, and it would be disgraceful to make an exception in favour of this one. With regard to M. Gounod's rights in "*Faust*," I was reading a few days ago an opinion of Dr. Grove's (I think), who states that they lapsed years ago. Yet he now claims pro-

tective rights, though selections from the work have been played without fees for nearly thirty years.

Surely, Sir, all music not to be played without payment should conform to the recent law which makes it compulsory to state on the title page of a work if its composer reserves his rights of performance; and it should also be enacted that the agents for the collection of fees shall supply a list of the works and composers whom they represent.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A CONDUCTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: In reply to Mr. Sutherland Edwards's remarks, I might explain that the conduct I characterised as "folly" was only that of a composer, great or small, endeavouring to restrict the sale of orchestral arrangements of his works in a foreign country, one of the chief means of popularising his works. Of course I should, as a composer, hail any act of legislation which would really protect the interests of musicians; but this end is not achieved by crowning a heap of incoherent Parliamentary measures, half dead and half alive, by an International Act or Treaty in which musical compositions and musical performances—two distinct matters—are muddled up with matters dramatic, matters plastic, matters graphic, and matters photographic. I still await a rejoinder to my former letter, and am slightly, but not much, surprised to observe how few people care to grapple with this important subject.

Yours faithfully,

F. CORDER.

46, Charlwood-street, London, S.W.

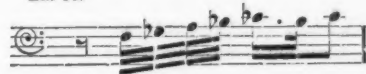
"LES TROYENS."

BY J. S. SHEDLOCK.

(Continued from Page 648.)

Soon after her theme breaks out in menacing tones. Wood-wind answers strings in imitation. Her air, *Malheureuse Roi, dans l'éternelle nuit*, is grand and pathetic. In the orchestra, besides strings, there is only wood-wind, including four bassoons. These last are not for four-note chords, as in Berlioz's "*Messe des Morts*;" with the exception of two two-part passages the four instruments play in unison. Berlioz had four for colour's sake. We must hurry away from this fine air, with its wonderful melos, its interesting harmonies, and its use of figures from Cassandra's motive. However, we may just notice the demisemiquaver figure which constantly recurs, as for example,

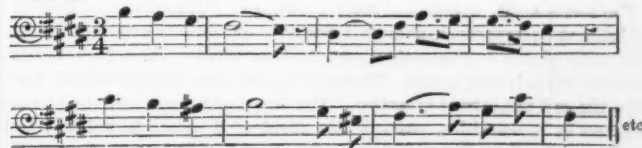
Ex. 11.



or something similar.

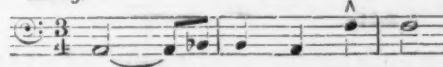
The return of the principal theme in major may also be noted; it is accompanied by strings, with some effective arpeggio passages for clarinet. Choroebus (baritone) advances. She tells him her presentiment, and urges flight. The music is passionate and dramatic. Choroebus' *laryhetto* air is soft and tender.

Ex. 12.



He still hopes. The delicate accompaniment is scored for strings and wood-wind. Cassandra's theme breaks in once or twice, till at last we come to what may be called the Fate motive.

Ex. 13.



It is heard all through this recitative in which she predicts the fall of Troy. It is given by strings, by wood-wind, but at last when she mentions that the vulture from the tower-top has sung carnage, come this crash for string, horns, cornets, and trombones.



A fine "fate" symphony of twenty bars, while Choroebus supports the half-fainting Cassandra leads to a return of his air, but this is interrupted more than once by Cassandra, who, in broken ejaculations, scatters all his hopes; each time her motive is heard. The fate motive now follows in major: Cassandra is going to speak in gentle tones.

Choroebus once again tries to persuade her that all will be well. Nature is calm. He describes the soft breeze, and here in the orchestra we have a quiet semiquaver passage for violins *con Sordini*; the gentle movement of the sea beating against the Cape of Tenidos is entrusted to the celli and double basses; while wood-wind and violins imitate soft voices of nature. Here are the closing and thoroughly Berlioz bars.



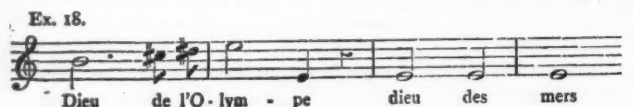
The following duet is wonderfully fine. There are curious reminiscences of "Faust" in it. The music is most passionate. Choroebus will not quit her. Remain, she says:

"La Mort jalouse prepare notre lit nuptial."



A few bars of terse music brings this act to a close.

For the march and hymn of second act Berlioz has a big orchestra. Besides cornets, trombones, ophicleide, and tuba, there are all sorts of instruments of percussion, including *sistres antiques* and *triangles*. The scene is still the plains of Troy. It is in a wooded place not far from the walls of the city, where on one side is raised a throne and on the other a rural altar. The music is broad and stately. The following passage is impressive.

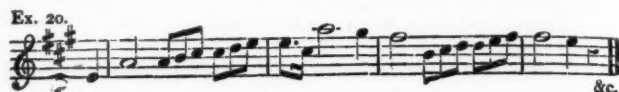


The voices are in unison and octave. *Dieux de l'Olympe* is accompanied by brass and percussion instruments, the *Dieu des mers* by wood-wind only. The whole phrase is afterwards repeated a tone lower. From here to the close the effect is very grand. The use of the mediant chord in the 8th bar from the end will attract attention. The key in C major. A few bars later on in a transition passage this chord of E minor is followed by dominant chord of E to prepare for the *Combat de Ceste* movement in E major. This commences in sprightly fashion, thus:—



In the second section is a clever phrase of twelve bars in 5-8 time. We

then have what is termed a pantomime or dumb show. Andromache enters leading Astyanax by the hand: the latter places a basket of flowers at the foot of the altar, Andromache kneels beside him and prays. The whole of this first part is accompanied by strings with 1st cl. solo. Andromache then leads her son to the throne of Priam. The cl. has the following graceful theme.



Priam and Hecuba bless the child. The quiet music is scored for bassoons, horns, trombones, harps, celli divided into three parts, and double basses. Andromache retires. The concluding symphony with cl. solo and echoes from the oboe on a double pedal bass for celli is most effective. Aeneas now arrives telling of the Laocoon tragedy. The movements of the serpents is depicted in the bass.

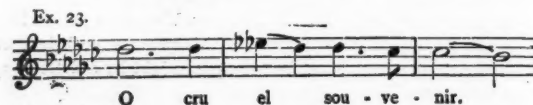


The orchestration of this exciting scene is characteristic. Still more exciting is the scene in the following Ottetto and Chorus. The terror of the principal personages and of the populace is depicted in the agitated music with its conflicting rhythms and its harsh harmonies caused by the crossing of parts. The interest is ever increasing. The trail of the serpent in the motive quoted above runs through it. The long descending tremolo of strings just at the end and the low notes for trombones which recall the "Hostias" of the Messe des Morts against the moving tonic pedal of the voices must have a striking effect.

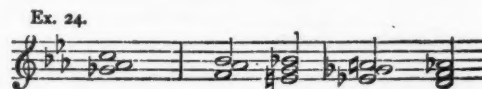
In a Handel-like *Récit*, Aeneas proposes to bring the fatal machine within the walls of the city. After a short chorus we have a wild air from Cassandra: she mourns over the situation. Berlioz chooses a mournful key for her (E flat minor), and we shall see later on that he finds this also most suitable to express the sorrows and lamentations of the Queen of Carthage. Till near the close the accompaniment has an agitated figure for strings.



The short chords on unaccented beats for trombones add to the uneasiness. How lovely and yet how pathetic is the



with its agitated string accompaniment, its sustained notes ppp for trombones and bassoons, the sighing notes from the wood-wind, and the echo of above phrase from flute and cl. Her vain efforts are depicted in the orchestra by a succession of chords of diminished 5ths



for strings.

Now we have the famous Finale with the Trojan March.



Berlioz employs four orchestras. One, *très loin derrière la scène*, composed of saxhorns, trumpets, cornets, trombones, and ophicleide; a second still behind, but nearer, composed of saxhorns and cymbals; a third one of the wings composed of oboes and harps; and then the ordinary

orchestra, including trombones. One need not describe this processional march. Every one can imagine how the sound becomes more and more imposing, till at last all four orchestras are heard together. But Berlioz aimed at contrasts of tone quite as much as noise. Here is a sketch of a jubilant phrase for voices.

Ex. 26.



But when joy is at its highest Cassandra appears and utters her last warning. A short *allegro agitato* for orchestra brings this grand finale to a close. The trombones and drums accompanying the opening tremolo for strings of the 3rd Act announce disaster, while the entry for basses speak to us of Cassandra.

Ex. 27.



But we must hasten on to the visit paid by the Ghost of Hector to Æneas (so graphically described by Virgil). His advance is thus depicted:

Ex. 28.



The violas (muted) are divided: there are besides mutterings of drum and double-bass and notes *bouchées* from horns. The Ghost stands before the Trojan hero, who sighs.

Ex. 29.

Fag. & Bassi.



He wakes up, and when he perceives Hector the orchestra give a loud crash: then comes an effective *recit.* for Æneas in which trombones have an agitated rhythm. When the Ghost speaks he is accompanied by chords in four parts from divided celli and double basses, and by *sons bouchés* from horns.

When he says "l'ennemi tient nos murs" the violin, in Cassandra tones, plays:

Ex. 30.



The stage is now crowded with Trojan soldiers, who cry out in the poet's words that the only safety of the vanquished is to expect none.*

The music is full of vigour. Then we have a *Chœur-Prière* with some curious orchestration. Cassandra enters with dishevelled hair; she appeals to the Trojan women not to become slaves of the conquerors. They swear to die with her and sing a wild chorus. Cassandra stabs herself. The Greek soldiers enter and find all the women dead. So closes the third and last act of the "Prise de Troie."

(To be Continued.)

I do not know that you learn a lesson; . . . and yet the spell is cast. Such are the best teachers; a dogma learned is only a new error—the old one was perhaps as good; but a spirit communicated is a perpetual possession. These best teachers climb beyond teaching to the plane of art; it is themselves and what is best in themselves that they communicate.—R. L. Stevenson.

To quicken a new life in men the poet is sometimes compelled to wage war against a morality which has stiffened into mere routine.—Dowden.

* Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.—Virg., Bk. 2, 364.

THE DIARY OF A WANDERING MINSTREL.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

(Continued from page 647.)

AUGUST 13.—Off day. Rather difficult to get through. Wander disconsolately through Bayreuth streets. Look up old friends. See the sights. Sights rather depressing. Principally graves. Graves of Wagner, of Liszt, of Jean Paul Richter. As we stand in a pensive circle round the latter one of the pilgrims hazards the observation that he thought Richter was conducting. Long explanation follows, involving entire history of Gorman literature. Visit old Opera House. Wander listlessly over interior of Wagner Theatre. Wander listlessly up to the "Siegesthurm." There, sort of temporary galvanic animation produced by rural sports organised by Athlete. Draw a veil over this episode, but *Dulce est desipere in loco*. In the evening *Sammet* comes to the rescue. *Sammet* keeps an open-air restaurant, and has with great public spirit gone in for extra illumination, fireworks, and a brass band. *Sammet* consequently crowded. His garden a sort of Elysian field for good Wagnerians. The garden itself a gorgeous spectacle. Twelve Chinese lanterns, of which one catches fire and is rendered useless. Fireworks put Brock to shame. Six crackers and a Catherine wheel, which latter goes off by itself, slips from its nail, and scatters terror among the Wagnerians, who have to be comforted with flagons. Brass band gravely playing Introduction to "Parsifal." Dreadful. Go to bed, exhausted with the day's pleasures.

AUGUST 14.—"Meistersinger." What is there to say? Miss Dressler very nice, but does not wipe out recollection of Frau Sucher in same part last year. However, it is charming to encourage young talent at Bayreuth. Friedrichs great, Hofmüller capital, Gudehus—what shall I say about Gudehus? I think all Wagnerians who have any sense of gratitude ought to subscribe handsomely towards a magnificent International Testimonial to this great artist. He has in his day played many parts, and but for him we should at times have had to look far for our Wagnerian heroes. But—is he getting a little bit careless? Is it only my impression, or has he indeed put on a slight swagger, as who should say "Look at this attitude"? Reichman as Hans Sachs is too gentlemanly—I had almost said too lady-like—and we lose the rugged geniality of the honest cobbler-poet. But what a *tour-de-force* the whole thing is, and how marvellously Wagner has set Nürnberg and its humours to music! After the performance some of us go to Angermann's. I think Angermann's is the strangest thing in Bayreuth. Here they all are, these delicate flower-girls, these saintly heroes, this divine orchestra, these great artists; here are all the choice spirits their performances have lured to this distant city; English artists, worthy to be their fellows, as good or better than the best of them. All these elect have been moving in a higher world, rapt from earth by the magician's wand, and now, when you and I might expect them to be at home, wearing their knees out in prayer, and preparing themselves for tomorrow's "Parsifal" by fasting and flagellation—do but see them enjoying themselves! Oh, there's no offence; no offence to the world. The laughter is loud and the smoke thick, and when one of their comrades enters there is a great shout of "Hail! Hail!" and the clashing together of many beer-jugs. At our table the English have gathered together, and we vainly strive to make as much noise as the rest, but our lungs are not so stout. One of us—not one of my pilgrims, thank goodness!—asserts roundly that "Parsifal" is a work any old man might have written in his dotage. Whereupon we argue. As we go out a genial German near the door catches me by the coat-tail and cries "Gossarzegween!" which I take as a compliment.

AUGUST 15.—"Parsifal." Very nearly spoilt, for me at least, by two very pretty American girls and their mother. Girls are eager to know all about everything, and in their delicious ignorance expound the performance to each other. Mother suffers from an involved and complicated cough which threatens to rend her asunder, and shakes all her neighbourhood everytime it attacks her. When she is not coughing she is clicking the case of an opera-glass. Maddening. At last, in the very paroxysm of her cough, I wheel round, scowl, and say "Hsh!" The cough stops at once, and is heard no more. A modern miracle which confirms a view I have long held that the inconsiderate noises made in public places by thoughtless people are to a great extent pure cursedness. "Parsifal" quite perfect, and the Amfortas of Perron a revelation. As for Fräulein Maiken I had better not begin to talk about her, or I shall be accused of gush. She is one of the very few great artists in whose presence you feel that all criticism is vanity. What are her merits? I will catalogue a few. Dignity, passion, repose, a face full of the fire of genius, attitudes

each of which is a study; an eye like Mars to threaten and command; and humility, the humility of a great artist, who identifies herself with the character she is representing. Whether it be Kundry the wild woman, the witch, with features distorted, hatred in her every movement, or Kundry the temptress, with a leopard's grace and a leopard's claws, or Kundry repentant, silent, crushed, exhaling her soul beneath the rays of the Holy Grail, in every form of this many-sided study Malten is unique and splendid. It is no easy task. Kundry seems to me to typify all womanhood; there is scarcely any form of womanly *wesen* which Kundry does not in one phase or other represent.

The whole performance of "Parsifal" is one to remember. I have had the privilege of seeing it six times now, but never have I seen it better done. Last year there was some reason to fear that possibly Bayreuth had seen its best days. Once, at least, it almost seemed as if the curse of carelessness had fallen upon the Wagner Theatre. That fear is now removed. There is hardly a dry eye in the house when the curtains close for the last time, and it is with solemn and elevated thoughts that we stream out into the night. Even my Amurrican girls are impressed. One of them says, "Why, I'm almost sorry it's over." And the mother answers, "Well, I guess I may cough now." But she doesn't. She is wiping her eyes, poor soul. For a few hours even she has forgotten the fleshpots of Chicago; for a few hours even she has been carried into dreamland.

I had thought of many fine things that I would say about "Parsifal," but silence is, after all, better. Bayreuth stands firm now, and praise or blame will make no difference. There will always be crowded houses, for yearly the artistic truth and the simplicity of purpose which are shown there have made new converts. Out of the thousands who now ascend the gentle hill many are moved by mere curiosity, and many still come to cavil, but even of these there is a constantly increasing residue who, convinced by what they see, go forth hot disciples, and come again and again. To us it matters nothing what is said or written; until you can show us other performances, until you can bring us other music, other dramas, which satisfy our souls as these do, which strengthen us in our daily battle with the commonplace and the vulgar, you had much better save your breath, O critics, to cool your porridge.

AUGUST 16.—Once more farewell to Bayreuth. As we pass to the station we see everywhere the preparations for the arrival of the Prince Regent of Bavaria and of the Emperor of Germany. The whole town is buried under a cloak of pine boughs, which, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. The last two performances are to be honoured by Royalty, and there are all manner of rumours concerning a possible extra performance of "Tristan." This is one of the humours of the place. There are always rumours there. When Liszt died it was rumoured that the theatre would be closed. It has been often rumoured that "Parsifal" was sold to Munich, to New York, to Brussels, to I don't know where. Every year it is rumoured that Madame Wagner has resigned, or that some mysterious committee have relieved her of the management. And so on, and so on, and so on. Nothing ever happens, and I, for one, do trust nothing of the sort ever will happen. Before taking a final leave of the place I must acknowledge the unvarying courtesy of the committee of management and of the lodging committee. They do wonders for the comfort, convenience and economy of their visitors, and their organisation is perfect. Three of my pilgrims—the two philosophers and the athlete now leave us, bent on climbing hills in England. The shattered remnant cannot at once go back to everyday life, and we find a temporary resting-place at Rupprechtstegen, whose cheerful Kurhotel has often beckoned to us as we sped by it in the train.

AUGUST 17, 18, 19.—Rupprechtstegen. A miniature Switzerland. The hotel is on a slight hill. Behind it are dark pine forests with misshapen rocks. A romantic gorge ends in the very hotel garden. The Pegnitz, clear as crystal, and swarming with trout, laughs in the valley beneath. These four days are devoted to a sort of sun-bath. We are afoot early (but not too early). We choose some object for a walk, and we take the whole day for our work. First, it is the ruined castle of Hartenstein, which just now appeals to us with double force, because Wolfram von Eschenbach, the mediæval singer of Parzival, once dwelt within its walls, loved its mistress, and sang her beauty. Hohenstein, a really imposing ruin, from the summit of which we have a clear view of all the fields and forests of Franconia, with Nürnberg in the far distance, occupies another day. Upon a third we explore Neuhaase, where also is a romantic ruin, and drive to the neighbouring caverns. The caverns cannot, of course, compare with Adelsberg, but they are much better than the average. This drive, however, nearly costs us our lives. There are no

tourists here, and carriages are unknown; so when we ask the landlord for a trap he is sorely put to it till he remembers that *Hans* is in the fields. *Hans* proves to be a splendid black stallion bursting with high spirits. He is hitched on to a nondescript vehicle, and as we get in our bosoms swell with pride. But when *Hans* walks on his hind legs, looks round at us and saith "Ha! ha!" sits down to admire the view and generally plays the fool, we come to the conclusion that walking is good enough for us, and we get out and walk. The four days are four days of delicious laziness. How we ever get anywhere I don't know, for mostly we are lying in the heather basking in the sun, talking nonsense, or settling knotty problems of art, or listening while one tells tales of chivalry and romance suitable to this enchanted land, where every hill is crowned with a fair castle, and you presently expect to see Parsifal and his son Lohengrin ride out of the forests to meet you and give you a fair greeting.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BAYREUTH CONDUCTORS.

The Bayreuth Festival being now at an end, we have thought that our readers might be glad to possess portraits of the three famous conductors whose skill and earnest labours have carried these important proceedings to so successful an issue. One of the three at least is familiar enough to English audiences—Hans Richter, whose orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall are perhaps the most interesting of the whole season. He was born on April 4, 1843, at Raab, in Hungary, his father being Kapellmeister of the Cathedral there, his mother also being a well known teacher of singing. In 1853 the boy Hans entered the Löwenburg Convict-School in Vienna, passing thence into the choir of the Court Chapel, and in 1859 to the Conservatorium. From Oct., 1866, to Dec., 1867, he was at Lucerne with Wagner, to whom he had been introduced by Esser, and for whom he made the first "fair copy" of the "Meistersinger" score. He subsequently held positions at Munich, Paris, and Brussels in succession, and, after having assisted at the first performance of the "Siegfried Idyll" in 1870, proceeded to Pesh as chief conductor of the National Theatre. The end of 1875 saw him established at Vienna as director of the Court Opera Theatre and of the Philharmonic Concerts. In 1876 he conducted the whole of the rehearsals and performances of the Bayreuth Festival. In May, 1879, he visited London, and conducted a number of orchestral concerts, these being the first of that series which has extended in unbroken line until the present time, and which—even had he no other claims to the position—have proved him to be one of the greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, of living conductors.

Hermann Levi was born Nov. 7, 1839, at Giessen. At the age of 13 he commenced his musical studies under Vincenz Lachner, and in 1855 was placed at the Leipzig Conservatorium. He first wielded the conductor's bâton at Saarbrücken in 1859, and two years later was appointed Director of the German Opera at Rotterdam. In 1864 he became Hofkapellmeister at Carlsruhe, and in 1872 attained to the post which he has held up to the present time at the Court Theatre of Munich. Perhaps the crowning honour of his life was conferred when he was entrusted with the important task of conducting the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth on July 28, 1882.

Felix Mottl, the youngest of this gifted trio, was born at Vienna in 1856, and studied first at the Löwenburgh Convict-School, and later at the Vienna Conservatorium. At this time he possessed an extremely fine soprano voice. He first rose into eminence as the conductor of the concerts given by the Academical Richard Wagner Verein, and in 1876 he took part in the Bayreuth performances of the Nibelungen tetralogy as stage conductor. Subsequently he obtained the position of conductor at the Grand Ducal Opera House of Carlsruhe, which has now become so deservedly famous for the excellence of the performances given under his direction. In 1886 he conducted "Tristan" at Bayreuth, and he has also written an opera, "Agnes Bernauer," which was successfully produced at Wiemar in 1880.

Let no man who is anything above his fellows, claim, as of right to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored because they are in reality on the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper.—*R. M. Milnes.*

The Dramatic World.

THE DRAMA AT WIMBORNE.

WIMBORNE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

Here am I sitting idle, so full of the song I have to sing to you that I cannot break off my reverie to sing it. Sometimes I am not too certain that I shall find wherewithal to fill up my weekly newsletter to you: but this week—ah! I have talkage for a year!

I have told you quite enough of the London theatres lately; and I am sure you can wait quite patiently for a week to learn what is my private opinion of "The Royal Oak"—especially as there will certainly not be a chance of your getting a comfortable seat at Mr. Harris's theatre for a month to come.

But what talk we of Londons when there is a Wimborne in the world? I suppose we all return to our first impressions, our *premiers amours*; so Charles Lamb, born in the racket of London streets, found in them his picturesqueness to the last: so the esteemed author of "Hamlet" went back to his comfortable market-town of Stratford-on-Avon to spend a few last pleasant years: and even so your humble servant, who first saw the light in a country town of middling extent, is often moved to an extraordinary enthusiasm by a medium-sized British country-town.

For the song I have to sing this week is the old one, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*—qualified only by a dissertation on the drama. Visiting of late some half-a-dozen quiet towns, mostly in beautiful Dorsetshire—seeing stately Wimborne, high Shaftesbury on its hill overlooking the green plain, handsome Blandford, by the wood-edged Stour, and the fashionable paradise just out of the county, lovely Bournemouth—sauntering through these towns, by pretty villages, over great downs, through firry woods and splendid parks, I have been moved by a sudden desire to pitch my tent in some such place, to live a quiet century or so among its people, and then seek a cosy grave under the Norman tower of its great church.

There must be something of the Greek feeling for beauty, surely, in those whose lives are spent among these surroundings. See Wimborne, set in parks, with a magnificent Minster in its midst—to the full as impressive, it seems to me, with its square towers rising above the modest housetops, as the gigantic St. Peter's at Rome, despite a considerable difference in size. If you tell me that the people of such a place have no more feeling for beauty than the inhabitants of the Borough, I flatly—and, for choice, rudely—contradict you.

Why, Macready himself, one of the greatest of latter day actors, retired to spend the autumn of his days at Sherborne, just such another town, not far from here—in spite of the one damning deficiency of all such places; Macready lived at Sherborne, though it had no theatre! It had everything else; in that is, of course, the explanation. In such a town there is generally a good school, with the master for a centre round which the literature of the place may grow; and one of the churchmen of the town may chance also to be a lover of books. The church, too, brings its organist, to lead our music; and the doctor leads the way in science. In such a beautiful country you may be sure that there are plenty of artists; and so, with the possibilities of art, science, literature and music provided for him, I do not know what more a reasonable man should need—except a theatre.

I will answer by and by two remarks which I already see trembling on your argumentative lips: that places of the

Wimborne class are too small to support a theatre, and that nowadays there is certain to be a much bigger town within easy railway reach of almost every small town, which it may thus feed with the drama as London feeds its suburbs, from Windsor almost to Colchester!

Let us, for the moment, merely take things as they are: let us see what theatrical fare Wimborne in September has to offer us.

I own that I did not expect any at all, and that Wimborne is, as far as I could judge, better off than its neighbours; at Blandford, at Shaftesbury perched on its hill, even at the seaport of Poole, I did not notice in the streets any of those delightful long, narrow bills in blue, and black, and red, which throughout Europe bring the smell of the footlights across the hay-scented country.

But Wimborne had its two performances in a fortnight; and at one of them, strange to say, the house was full—the hall, I mean, for a regular playhouse one cannot of course expect. It was the "Yeomen of the Guard" which "drew" Wimborne; Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have always a great following in cathedral towns, where no other dramatists are known even by name, except perhaps Shakespeare and Sheridan.

The other performance was given by the "Arabian Nights" Second Company—or perhaps, for anything I know, the third; it was certainly not the first. I have nothing to say against this workmanlike little farce; but this was all—and was it not rather light fare, when administered in homœopathic doses at lengthened intervals?

But Wimborne, you repeat, my dear sir—fortified I am sure by a recent study of Mr. Kelly's interesting Directory—is such a very little place: its few inhabitants cannot pay any oftener or any higher for their plays.

There we join issue. I deny that Wimborne is very little. It is a country town of reasonable size and of historical importance, and can afford to pay for its own doctoring, and churching (on a sumptuous scale), and law, and clothing, and music and painting; only the drama goes a-begging here—and that, I am convinced, has not gone a-begging always.

I am out of the way of books, and cannot prove my theory; but I am sure that in the old days of theatrical "circuits" there were times in the year when the minor towns, too little for their regular place in the circuit of the neighbourhood, yet managed to attract smaller companies of strolling players,—portions of the large circuit company, as a rule—who would stay within their gates for some weeks, perhaps, and play with all earnestness (and amazing energy), Shakespeare, Fitzball, and in its season pantomime. Here, at least, was good fare, if but poorly served: and here a rough schooling from which Keans and Kembles might and did spring.

But, you have implied, if we men of Wimborne nowadays want Shakespeare and Sheridan, we have but to put ourselves into a train and go to our nearest big town, there find a theatre, and return after the performance elevated and inspired. So Penedennis rode down to Clavering to see "Pizarro;" so you may see excellent work to-day at Weimar and many smaller German towns.

"Fudge!" my dear Mr. Fieldmouse; a firm and regretful "Fudge!" is my answer. Waiving the practical point that late trains to small towns are rare in the country, I will invite you to go over with me from Wimborne to the neighbouring Bournemouth—only nine miles off—and inspect the bill of fare.

Bournemouth has been invented since your time—during the last thirty years—and I think you do not know it; but it is a place of astonishing loveliness, and also—which is unfortunately rarer in England—of great public spirit. It has accordingly grown and

prospered amazingly; when it is full of visitors I should think it must contain close upon a hundred thousand people, and it has, moreover, a "season" in the winter, of at least as much importance as its summer season.

But it has no theatre at all! It has plays, to be sure; but they are performed in that wanton offence to the actor, a Town Hall. And what plays are they, then? Fresh from Wimborne a week ago I looked round, and saw upon the walls nothing—except announcements of a half-week of performances, nearly a week hence, of my familiar "Arabian Nights!" And I found, upon inquiry, that half a week back a travelling company which played "The Harbour Lights" had been there!

And this is a town with a standing population of 30,000, and, perhaps twice as many visitors eager to be amused! Why, sir, Bournemouth Theatre ought to be a school for actors, a constant fund of amusement and instruction, and a subject of just pride to the inhabitants—and an exceedingly good income to its manager, and (indirectly but very certainly) to the town!

Space fails me, or I would tell you of the infinite merits and advantages of a good stock company; but, alas! I have not even room, at this fag end of my letter, to give you half the names of the regular company at the Bristol Theatre only twenty years ago. Suffice it that Kate and Ellen Terry, Madge Robertson, Charles Coghlan, George and William Rignold, Arthur Wood, and others quite as famous, were all acting there at the same time.

Find me a London theatre with such a company, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, if you can; and convert your sceptical but devoted

MUS IN URBE.

THE DRAMATISTS.

VI.—EURIPIDES.—"THE BACCHÆ."

It is difficult to know which play of Euripides it were best to take as a specimen of his work; and I have chosen the "Bacchæ," not as the most famous, but as perhaps the most characteristic, and as the most completely unlike a modern play.

Almost the last of the poet's plays, it was written in Macedonia, at the Court of Archelaus; and the Dionysia of which it treats was the wild festival of the mountaineers of Thrace and Macedon, the orgie of the Bacchantes, who

Shook the torrent-tongued ravines
With thunder of their tambourines.

It had features in common with the meetings of Revivalists in America, and of the older Flagellants and Anabaptists.

A prologue, spoken by Dionysus (Bacchus), tells of his coming to Thebes, where he has stung to madness the women, and driven them into the mountains to carry on his wild worship, to revenge himself upon the sisters of Semele, his mother, who deny that he is the child of Zeus. One of these sisters, Agave, is the mother of Pentheus, King of Thebes.

The chorus of these women passes, on their way to the shady woods of oak and pine, singing a wild hymn to their god. Then two old men, Teiresias and Cadmus, come, forgetting their age, dancing and dressed in fawn-skins like the rest.

Pentheus, King of Thebes, returning from a journey, is indignant at the licentious excesses of the women, who are headed by his mother Agave. He scoffs at the old men, who warn him of the danger of irreverence to the god, or gods, of nature. The chorus sing the praise of piety.

Then one of the king's guard brings Dionysus himself as a prisoner. The guard had been sent to arrest the women, but they were miraculously released, and rushed off to the woods.

After an argument, in single lines, with Dionysus—who is disguised throughout almost the whole play—the angry Pentheus resolves to imprison in the stable this audacious stranger who has corrupted the land, and goes off to chain him there himself.

The chorus chant a hymn, and soon the voice of Dionysus is heard shouting to his worshippers. He comes, amid lightning and the crashing of an earthquake, which shakes to the ground and sets on fire the house of

Pentheus. The god tells how he had deluded his captor, and Pentheus, soon afterwards returning, begins to show that the maddening influence of Dionysus is working upon him. After a beautiful and very long description of the bacchantic revelries on the hills from a herdsman who had fled thence Pentheus resolves to march against and punish the women.

Dionysus, gradually subduing him to his influence, persuades him after a long struggle to come and spy out the women, disguised as a woman himself. Pentheus goes to put on the dress, and Dionysus triumphantly follows him.

The Chorus sing of night dances in the forest; and Pentheus, dressed as a Menad and now completely crazed, returns with the god, who has partly thrown off his disguise.

The King now wishes to be led through the streets, dressed as he is, and Dionysus encourages and mocks his madness, answering him with words of double meaning which foretell his fate. Pentheus rushes off to the hills, the Chorus crying after him—

"Let the dogs of frenzy hasten, in the mountains let them loose,

Where the band of Bacchantes gathers, led by Cadmus' daughters, there;
Set the bloodhounds eagerly

After him who in his madness comes to spy the Menads out,
In a woman's garb disguised!"

Soon a messenger comes, bringing the news of the death of Pentheus, who has been torn to pieces by the women. Agave, his mother, led them, tearing his left arm from the shoulder. In her madness, she believed that she was killing a lion; and presently—after the Chorus have rejoiced over the death of the King—she enters, carrying, as she thinks, the head of the slain beast.

She, too, rejoices; but asks for her son Pentheus, that he may nail the lion's head to the palace wall, above the staircase. Then comes, lamenting, Cadmus, who has gathered up the torn fragments of his grandson's body; and gradually the truth dawns upon the wretched mother.

It is an extraordinary and pathetic scene in which Agave, holding the head in her arms, is bidden to look closely at it and see that it is her son's, and no lion's, head. Here it is believed that a very beautiful lament, over the mangled body, is lost.

Dionysus declares the doom of Cadmus and his wife, and the banishment of Agave: with whose lamentation the play ends. Actually the last words are a moral reflection by the chorus—which the economical Euripides used, word for word, in five of his other plays!

NOTES AND NEWS.

Drury Lane has re-opened, made much more beautiful and luxurious by the ever-paragraphed Augustus; it is now, indeed, one of the finest play-houses in the world, and needs but the electric light—which we are promised at Christmas—to be complete. The new play also needs to be lightened, to a certain extent; four hours and a-half on the journey to the "Royal Oak" are more than the most patient of London travellers can submit to. But this is easily remedied—King Charles has only to escape once or twice less often, and all may be well. When the historic tree has been pruned of one or two superfluous branches we shall hope to criticise it more fully; meanwhile, one word, at least, of praise must be given to the beautiful mounting of the play, and to the acting of Messrs. Henry Neville, Harry Nicholls, and Dacre; of Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Fanny Brough.

Some gentlemen on the press of extraordinary coolness of head have actually succeeded in criticising the new burlesque at the Gaiety. When we say that people were waiting at the pit door at nine o'clock on Saturday morning to make sure of seats for a performance which began at eight o'clock on Saturday night; that the evening's proceedings had hardly begun when a roar like that of a battery of artillery almost knocked down the pretty Sylvia Grey by way of welcoming her; that this roar was a whisper to the succeeding and regularly increasing roars which hailed Miss Marion Hood, Mr. Fred Leslie, and Miss Farren; that the last-named lady was also greeted with a vast banner of welcome, which hung across the gallery; and that, for an act at least, the mildest pun was acclaimed with an enthusiasm which showed how genuine was the desire to welcome old friends; saying this, we shall explain how impossible on that memorable night was criticism to any man with a heart susceptible of the contagion of enthusiasm. In the main, a critic must to a great extent be guided by the re-

ception which an audience gives to a play: and by this test *Ruy Blas*, or *the Blasé Rousé* must certainly be judged one of the supremest efforts of human genius. To be exact, one might place it—according to Saturday's verdict—about midway between "Hamlet" and the "Prometheus Bound." In a week or two, however, we propose to witness this masterpiece in colder blood, and to endeavour to apply to it—though with the smallest consciousness of their inadequacy—the ordinary standards of the drama.

One cannot but be aware of a descent in stepping from the consideration of such a work as "Ruy Blas, or the Blasé Rousé" to that of "King John." Yet even an inferior work like the latter has its rights; and perhaps one of these is the right not to be judged by a scratch performance at the Crystal Palace. Whether it is better to have Shakespeare so played or not to have him at all is a moot point; but perhaps the chance of doing some good should outweigh the possibility of harm to the weak-kneed, and we should welcome almost any "King John" as better than none. What we ought to have beyond a doubt is what the Germans have had, more than once: a carefully-prepared and worthy performance of the entire series of "King plays"—from "John" to "Henry the Eighth"—on successive nights. What we have is an elaborate exposition of the weak points of our modern school of acting, with sidelights on sundry failings of the survivors of the older schools. We are far from saying that there was no merit in Thursday's performance; but we sincerely hope that if Mr. Tree carries out his intention of giving the piece at the Haymarket its presentation will be altogether one more worthy of serious criticism.

The Church and Stage have been indulging in a temporary flirtation of late years, though we fear that it is little likely to lead to a very lasting attachment; but the ties which unite the Stage and the Law are much older, much stronger, and much more frequently renewed. Only last week Miss Florence St. John brought the drama into court, and the Wicked Journalist was appropriately punished; only last week Mr. W. S. Gilbert, playwright and barrister, sued Messrs. Boosey, music publishers and dramatic middlemen, and got altogether the worst of it. Indeed, Mr. Gilbert's case was not a very strong one, as even the most ardent sympathiser (with the struggling genius and against the bloated capitalist) must admit. It comes to this: that Mr. Gilbert, as a young man, did some work for Messrs. Boosey, of which he is now not very proud, and which he does not wish the public to see under his name. But, as he had sold the entire rights in this work to Messrs. Boosey, he had much better have recognised at once that he was now powerless in the matter, and have come to terms with the publishers—whose action, one must own, has been perfectly straightforward and courteous, and who probably would not have been eager to make too hard a bargain.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Professor Spitta, of Berlin, the biographer of J. Seb. Bach, is now engaged on a biography of H. Marschner, the once popular operatic composer, who died in 1861. Marschner, though an almost unknown name in this country, is still popular in Germany, not through his operas, which are seldom played, but through his quartets for male voices, many of which enjoy an enormous popularity.

Mme. Minnie Hauk has bought for a residence the Villa Tribschen, on the lake of Lucerne—the house in which Wagner resided from 1866 till early in 1872, and in which he finished "Die Meistersinger" and wrote a good part of the music of "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung."

Frau Dr. Clara Schumann (as she is styled by the German papers) celebrated her 70th birthday on the 13th September, and in honour of the occasion received from the German Emperor the great gold medal "für Kunst und Wissenschaft."

The New York Seidl Society, to which we made allusion a week or two ago in the columns of "Facts and Comments," now numbers 400 members, and proposes to give lectures on musical subjects during the autumn and winter season. These, we suppose, are for the benefit of outsiders, for surely the patrons of such excellent concerts cannot need to have the merits of the music they love so well pointed out to them in words.

According to some Italian papers, Sig. Sonzogno has handed over the direction of the Costanzi Theatre at Rome to Sig. Franchetti, "the well-known composer and millionaire." We do not remember to have ever seen these two words in combination before.

Dr. v. Bülow, after conducting the Philharmonic concerts at Berlin, will betake himself once more to his beloved America in the spring of next year. If America does not soon become an extraordinarily musical country it will not be from want of effort on the part of Herr v. Bülow.

Considerable sensation has been excited in Buda Pesth by the recurrence of what can only be malicious and persistent attempts to destroy the Opera House of that city. Within three weeks four such attempts at incendiarism have been made, but fortunately each has been discovered in time. Suspicion rests, it is said, on an "ouvrier"; but no possible motive can be assigned.

The "Meistersingers" will be performed this winter at La Scala. It is to be hoped that the work will meet with a kinder and more worthy reception than that accorded lately to its overture, which, when played at Rome by the Municipal band, was vigorously hissed by a section of the audience.

A conference of composers and amateurs of sacred music, from which good results may be expected, was opened on the 14th in Verona.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The *plébiscite* of last week resulted in the inclusion in Saturday's programme of works so familiar as the "Italian" Symphony of Mendelssohn, the selections from "Carmen," and the overture to "Semiramide." It could be wished that the public taste or knowledge gave a wider scope for the selection of these programmes, but it is to be presumed that, having acquaintance with only half-a-dozen similar works, the "many-headed multitude" is apt to take all others less familiar for dry and dull. It is satisfactory, however, to say that of all the works actually chosen Signor Bevilacqua's admirable orchestra gave excellent interpretations, the Symphony, especially its last movement, being perhaps the most perfectly accomplished artistic feat. The vocalists included Miss Rosa Leo, who sang Siebel's song ("Faust") with the highest dramatic intelligence and power; Mr. Iver McKay, who chose to exhibit his beautiful voice in nothing less trivial than "When other lips;" Mr. Charles Manners, and Miss Alice Gomez.

The programme on Tuesday was largely Wagnerian, the "Walkürenritt," the prelude to the third act of "Meistersinger," the overture to "Tannhäuser," and the march from "Rienzi" being the principal excerpts given. The two pieces first mentioned were played in splendid style, and the others scarcely less so. Señor Albeniz contributed Schumann's piano-forte concerto, of which he rendered the two earlier movements in an unostentatious and refined manner, nevertheless leaving the impression that he understood rather than felt them. The finale was somewhat scrambly. M. Henri Marteau, the young violinist who made so successful a debut in London last year, and has thoroughly "caught on" at these concerts, played the adagio and finale from Max Bruch's concerto in G minor extremely well.

COVENT GARDEN.

An "Ave Maria," by Gounod, in the form of a "Meditation" on Bach's Second Prelude in C minor, from the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," for soprano solo (Madame Alwina Valleria), violin (Mr. B. Carrodus), violoncello (Mr. Edward Howell), piano-forte (Mr. J. Carrodus, jun.), and organ (Mr. H. M. Higge), was given for the first time on Wednesday. It bears, of course, a strong family resemblance to the well-known "Meditation" on the first Prelude, but is much more devotional in character, if less full of sensuous charm. It was excellently rendered, and vociferously redemanded by the large audience. We are opposed to *encores* on principle—the nuisance at these concerts is well nigh intolerable—but in the case of a

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work new to the audience, short, and by a great master, departure from a rule which should be almost invariable would have been excusable, and even justifiable. Instead, however, of repeating the "Ave Maria," Madame Valleria chose, with deplorable taste, to sing "Home, Sweet Home," and—sadder still—the audience was more enthusiastic over this than over the "Ave Maria." The overture to "Oberon," Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, played with good technique but little expression by Miss Florence Waud, and the same composer's "Italian" Symphony were also given. Mr. H. Stubbs made an excellent impression in "If with all your hearts," and Madame Patey sang Handel's "Ombra mai fu" in impressive style.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The musical season may be said to have commenced, and it promises to be the most prolific in musical gatherings ever known in the western city. Nearly all the old-established societies are at work, and several new ones have been started with every sign of vitality. The winter series of concerts at the Young Men's Christian Association has opened well, and two gatherings have taken place. These meetings, although not of the highest class, are interesting, and tend to greatly spread a love of music among the people chiefly of the artisan class. To-day (Saturday) the Bristol Musical Association, which for years has given popular concerts on Saturdays, gives its first performance, and an attractive programme of miscellaneous items (songs, choruses, orchestral pieces, and organ solos by Mr. Geo. Riseley) is to be presented. In another week the Orchestral Society—the largest of its kind in the kingdom—and the new choral society will have met for their first practice. If the lines laid down are adhered to, and the support accorded them continues to be as solid and hearty as it is at present, the two societies will lead to great progress being made in the divine art in a city where it has for the greater part of a century been assiduously cultivated. The committee of the latter society are making arrangements for securing a small orchestral band to assist at every rehearsal, a thing that has not occurred in Bristol before within my knowledge. It is true that a few instrumentalists have in former years assisted at occasional practices of choirs conducted by Mr. Riseley, but not at all. The advantages of the new departure will be immense.

CHELTEMHAM.—The Cheltenham Festival Society (choral and instrumental) is at work, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Matthews. The works to be studied are Mackenzie's "Jubal," Sullivan's "The Golden Legend," Miss Ellicott's "Elysium," Williams's "Bethany," Mozart's Litany in B flat, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Sullivan's "Di Ballo" overture, an orchestral suit of Sir Herbert Oakeley, and a new gavotte for strings entitled "Cheltonia," written expressly for the society by H. F. Taylor. These works will be given at the several concerts to take place during the season. "Jubal" is down for performance on November 12th; Mr. Charles Fry will be the reciter.

GLOUCESTER.—The cathedral authorities have made arrangements for continuing the popular services and organ recitals in the mother Church. Mr. C. Lee Williams commences the winter series of recitals on November 7th, and they will be continued fortnightly until the end of March. "Bethany" is to be repeated at one of the popular services in the last-named month. The Gloucester Choral Society intends to give Miss Ellicott's "Elysium" at its next concert.

HUNSTANTON.—A musical entertainment of a decidedly peculiar character was given on Thursday, the 19th, at the Esplanade Hall, Hunstanton, on behalf of the fund for a new organ in St. Edmund's Church. A brilliant audience, including the Marchioness of Hastings, the Earl and Countess of Romney, General Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn, Lady Green, Mr. and Mrs. Le Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, &c., assembled to hear an original sketch written by Mr. W. A. Baskcomb, the Chief Clerk at Marlborough House. The author, whose histrionic talent has received approval from the very highest judges in England, appeared on this occasion as "a gentleman ob colour," and after singing six "songs from the Cotton Fields" proceeded to recite "the first meeting of the Mudfog Association," by Dickens, "The Music Grinders," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mr. George Grossmith's song, "He went to a Party." Everything was received with shouts of approval, and Mr. Baskcomb was recalled many times before the curtain. During the day the following telegram from Mr. Irving was received:—"Congratulations on excellent programme. Wish you bump-

ing house and splendid success to 'de gentleman ob colour.'" As Mr. Baskcomb has for some time past been acknowledged something more than an intelligent amateur actor, we may mention that it was in 1880 that he first gained renown in "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was produced under his direction before Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. On that occasion he played with extraordinary dexterity three parts, viz., Sir Joseph Porter, Captain Corcoran, and Dick Deadeye. In 1882 he produced before the same illustrious auditors "Trial by Jury," appearing in the character of the Judge. On both of these occasions, as on Thursday last, he was ably assisted by his talented wife, a pupil of Madame Moscheles, who had the honour of being selected by Sir J. Benedict to play in an eight-part pianoforte piece written for his concert in July, 1884, Sir Julius himself taking part with Arabella Goddard, Agnes Zimmerman, Herr Kuhe, Signor T. Mattei, and two others. Mrs. Baskcomb, who is a gold medalist and Associate of the London Academy of Music, played on Thursday Mendelssohn's Wedding March and a "Ballade" of Chopin with remarkable skill and effect. The singing of Mademoiselle Orlica and the pianoforte playing of the accomplished Countess of Romney were also much admired.

The Organ World.

THE NICENE CREED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—It is pleasant to solve questions raised by those who seek for accuracy—whether in themselves or others: and your correspondent, Mr. Rupert Garry, is so evidently one of these that I will to-day, with your permission, make clearer what he at present doubts, by showing that there is—not only a stress—but a *strong* stress on the word 'things' in Professor Stanford's rendering of 'By Whom all things were made.' It is true that the quantity of sound in the two crotchets given to the preceding word, 'all,' is greater by one-fourth than that found in the dotted crotchet allotted to the word 'things'; but the respective position in the bar of these three notes (and I might also add their relative position to one another) throws an excess-weight of balance upon the latest of the three, which the ear cannot avoid noting. If Mr. Garry will sing Dr. Stanford's treble line twice, I feel sure that he will acknowledge this to be the case. Some one, however, may say—and justly say:—"Yes! but Harmony can greatly qualify the importance of local accents. May it not be so here?" Let us see whether the harmonies applied by the Professor here have lessened or strengthened the power of this stress in his melodic line. Here are his four parts: the key is B flat:—

The first bar opens with the subdominant E flat—followed by what is obviously (albeit that the third is "understood") intended for G minor. The second bar opens with the rel: minor of the subdominant (C mi.) with the 9th, leading to the tonic; then, on the word 'all,' i.e. in the second half of the bar, we find C mi. again, a momentary dominant seventh going to the tonic,—and then—(for 'things') we come plump upon the full pure dominant! What greater strength than this could Harmony give us before the dominant seventh demands the final tonic? As I have said before,—let this passage be heard either in *one* part or in four parts, and no one will doubt whether the ungainly stress upon "things" exists—or not. No skill of Harmony can remove this.

Mr. Garry will, I dare say, permit me to point out to your readers (what looks like a momentary slip of his pen) that reference to 'Christ' as the

antecedent to 'By Whom' is not quite correct. The Christian Fathers assembled at Nicaea and Constantinople held, in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament Scriptures—that all things were created by Agency of The Divine Word—The Only-Begotten Son who was from Everlasting in The Bosom of The Father. They would not have applied the term 'Christos,' i.e., Anointed, to The Divine Word before The Incarnation and the Birth of Jesus, The Virgin-born, who came to be The Messiah—or 'Christ,' i.e., The Anointed Saviour of Mankind. Mr. Garry will see, after a moment's reflection, that 'The term Only-Begotten Son' will probably (as the term 'One Lord' may be considered as specially applicable to the Incarnate Word, i.e., to the following 'JESUS CHRIST') be the Antecedent to 'By Whom' according to the intention of those who drew up the Creed.

With respect to the unprofitableness of many settings of this Creed I daily receive testimony from persons—known and unknown to me. Yesterday I received a letter from one who is a barrister and a senior member of the Senate at Cambridge. From it I extract the following sentences:—"The intelligent appreciation of what is excellent in music—especially in vocal music, is an acquisition, or, if you will have it, a quality, rarely to be met with. In the majority of our Churches even the most educated people are generally without the slightest discernment of the absurdity, and, when logically considered, even profanity of many of the musical settings of our Liturgy. Whether from custom, prejudice, or ignorance, the unseemly setting of the words is altogether overlooked, and even approved of!"

And to-day in a letter received from a lady who—belonging by birth to one of our highest English families—now occupies an important position in the Society of Central Europe—I find this sentence:—"I read over your rules for the setting of the Nicene Creed, and was amazed to find that all the modes of enunciation which you most emphatically said were to be avoided—were those, it seemed to me, that I am in the habit of hearing every Sunday of my life."

These two extracts express opinions which would probably be echoed by a very large number of pious persons in this land, who hardly know whether it is their duty—to be silent,—or to notice what they feel is much to be regretted.

Let us hope, Sir, that the present discussion in your columns may prove the means of obtaining—for the benefit of the great mass of Christian worshippers—a decision from some High Authorities respecting the correct verbal reading and true interpretation of whatever appears difficult in the text of the most important of the three Creeds used by The Anglican Church.

I remain, Sir, with compliments,

Very faithfully yours,

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

NOTES.

Three organ recitals were given at St. John's, Waterloo-road, on the 21st, 22nd, and 24th respectively to mark the occasion of the re-opening of the organ after further recent enlargement. Mr. Henry J. B. Dart, the talented organist at the church, performed the first and third programmes, an interesting item of which was the production of a new Fantasia in D by Mr. Dart. This proved to be a work of considerable importance, admirably laid out for the organ and built up on two well contrasted and extremely melodious themes of broad and flowing character. The piece when published will be an effective addition to the repertoire of Organists, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Handel's second concerto, and Guilman's first sonata were the other most important pieces of Mr. Dart's programmes, in the execution of which he proved himself to be an accomplished musician. Mr. H. W. Weston, Mus.Bac., F.C.O., gave the recital on the 22nd inst., and played Mendelssohn's third sonata in A, Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue in G major, and a Festival Overture by Carl Loewe, with other interesting pieces by St. Sæns, Rea, and Jean Becker, in his usual finished style. The recent additions to the organ consist of a harmonic flute, orchestral oboe, and grand tuba, all 8 feet stops, and forming a solo organ which is played from a fourth manual. A noteworthy feature is the whole of the tuba being placed in a swell box, which enables the performer to produce that which in orchestral language is known as a "soft entry," which with such a powerful stop in many passages is most desirable and effective. Messrs. Hele, the builders, may also be congratulated on the general round and satisfactory tone of these

new stops, and the effective balance of the full organ which is now one of the largest if not the largest church organ in South London.

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Over two thousand pounds have already been subscribed towards the Ouseley Memorial scheme, and musicians and churchmen alike seem to much approve of the project which it will be remembered is to provide an endowment for St. Michael's College, Tenbury, which was founded by Sir Frederick Ouseley. Many of the clergy made a special offertory last Sunday, it being the festival of St. Michael, and Mr. G. R. Sinclair has stated his intention of giving an organ recital at Truro Cathedral on behalf of the fund.

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Harvest festivals are much engaging the time, and attention of Church Choirs just now. There was a very effective floral display at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on Friday last, when the Rev. Canon Duckworth preached an appropriate sermon. St. Vedast celebrated the festival on Sunday, and that of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and Craven Chapel, Regent-street, is fixed for Sunday, Oct. 6th. Although the celebration of these festivals in London is much to be commended, it is doubtful if they can ever have much real significance to the participants, whose whole life is so far removed, both physically and mentally, from agricultural pursuits. It is difficult to rouse much personal feeling in a congregation whose knowledge of the growth of corn is for the greater part limited to the price of the daily loaf; the present prevalence of these festivals must rather be regarded as the outcome of increased artistic taste and more general appreciation of beauty; looked upon in this light, and combined with the good taste mostly displayed in these decorations, there is undoubtedly much cause for thankfulness.

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The late Duchess of Sutherland shortly before her death gave a site at Strathpeffer for the building of an Episcopal church. The Bishop of Moray has in consequence headed a subscription list to raise a building fund which has been much contributed to by English visitors to the Scottish Spa, which is situated on the Cromarty estate.

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The Church House in Dean's-yard, Westminster, is proceeding apace, and the alterations in the recently acquired houses are to be finished by the end of next month. There will be a hall capable of seating about two hundred persons, and a commodious library and suite of reading rooms on the ground floor: for these upwards of five thousands volumes have already been received. But then there never was a dearth of religious literature!

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The organ in Edinburgh Cathedral is being greatly enlarged, and when completed will be one of the finest instruments in the North. Mr. Eustace Ingram, of Holloway, N., is the builder, who is also completing the fine organ at Holy Trinity Church, Ventnor.

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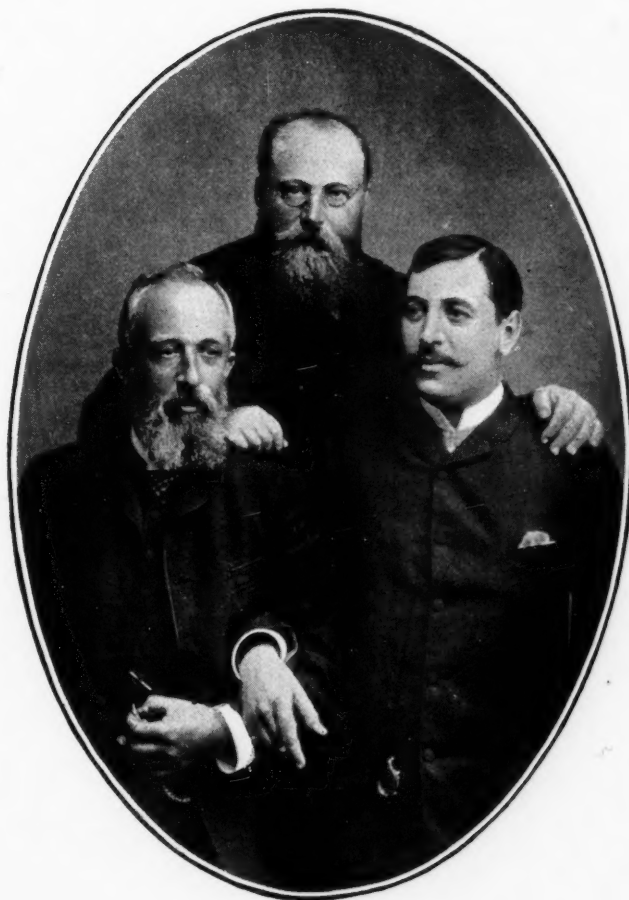


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